

THE

Probationary Odes

OF

JONATHAN PINDAR, Esq.

COUSIN OF *PETER's*,

A N D

CANDIDATE FOR THE POST OF POET LAUREAT.

TO THE C. U. S.

IN TWO PARTS.

———— Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius *magnas* plerumque secat res. Hor.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED FOR BENJ. FRANKLIN BACHE,

M.DCC.XCVI.

[Copy-right secured.]



43.

12. 5.

212.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

	Page
Dedicatory Ode—To a would-be great man,	9
ODE I. To all the great folks in a lump,	13
II. To Atlas	18
III. To a select body of great men,	19
IV. To a would-be great man,	21
V. To a truly great man,	23
VI. To Midas,	25
VII. To the well-born,	27
VIII. To Minos,	29
IX. To Liberty,	30
X. To the Democratical Society of Philadelphia,	35
XI. To Atlas,	38
XII. Jonathan taketh leave of his correspondents, &c.	39
A supplementary ode,	43

PART SECOND.

The editor to the reader,	49
A letter from Timothy Touchpenny to Christopher Clearfight,	51

(viii)

ODE I. Salutory ode,	53
The Magpies—a tale,	57
II. To a regenerated body,	59
III. To the same,	62
IV. To the same,	64
V. To Economy,	66
Scotch economy—a tale,	69
VI. Cousin Jonathan to cousin Peter,	70
VII. To Death,	74
VIII. To Neutrality,	75
IX. To Speculation,	77
The drunken Indian—a tale,	79
X. To Panegyric,	80
XI. To Janus,	84
A trip to St. James's,	85
XII. To Echo,	91
XIII. To the Democratic Societies,	92
XIV. The Dutchman and the skipple-stone,	93
XV. To Mercury,	96
Elegy,	98
An elegiac ode to the memory of Dr. James Hutchinson,	101

THE
Probationary Odes
OF
JONATHAN PINDAR, Esq.
A
COUSIN OF PETER,
AND
CANDIDATE FOR THE POST OF POET LAUREAT
TO THE C. U. S.
=
PART FIRST.

ADVERTISEMENT.

.....

THE *first* part of these Odes was printed in *Freneau's* Gazette, June, July and August, 1793. The manner in which the *second* part came to the Editor's hands, will be mentioned in another place, and will shew the reason why it did not sooner make its appearance. Both parts are now presented in one view; by which means the public will be enabled to make a more just estimate of the pretensions of the author to that distinguished post, which he solicited with so much zeal and assiduity.

MONUMENT.

The high part of this hill was situated in the
Garden, July and August, 1793. The
manner in which the head part came to the sur-
face's hands, will be mentioned in another place,
and will show the reason why it did not sooner
make its appearance. Both parts are now preserved
in one view, by which means the public will be
enabled to make a more full estimate of the size
and position of the water to that distinguished spot,
which he followed with so much zeal and at-
tention.

A

Dedicatory Ode.

TO A WOULD-BE GREAT MAN.

Jonathan sheweth his profound skill in Heraldry—maketh an essay upon the subject of Titles, and proposeth a most apt one for a certain distinguished personage.

=

Ætavis Edite ! Hor.

=

O Thou! whatever be thy Title lov'd,
 King of the Romans, Cæsar, Czarowitz,
 Dauphin, or Prince of Wales, if more approv'd,
 Infant, or Daddy-Vice, as best befits,
 Deign from my hands t' accept this fav'ry sprig
 To greet thy nostrils, or adorn thy wig.

Say, who can rival thine illustrious Line,
 Great son of unborn Adam's first born son,
 By right of primogeniture divine
 Heir to those titles thy great grandfire won :
 Heir to this whole terraqueous globe, no doubt,
 As any herald's office can make out.

B

But since thine humble nature condescends
 To wave thy title to the world at large,
 For such humility to make amends,
 Were mine the envied task, the grateful charge,
 Thou should'st be greater in my verse sublime
 Than e'er was Gog, or Magog yet in rhyme.

Cæsars, of old, were by adoption nam'd,
 As Kings of Romans are by fiction, now;
 Hence each securely the succession claim'd;
 From portents sure, I ween, so wilt not THOU;
 As gibbet-climbing worthies to the top
 Do never rise, but just beneath it drop.

If Dauphin I should hail thee, some would say
 I meant to threaten with the Guillotine;
 If Prince of Wales;—it might a thought betray
 Thy Dad a Madman was, thy Dam a Queen;
 If Czarowitz I style thee;—they would swear,
 I meant thy Father was a Russian Bear.

Infants, in Spain, or Lisbon, may be born
 With Beards, and Bellies round, for ought I know;
 With Wigs their nappers too they may adorn,
 Big as a bushel, and as white as snow:
 There, *Doctor Slop* might for an *Infant* pass,
 So may'st THOU *there*; but not *here*, by the mass.

Though Congress once, their ignorance to hide,
 Forbore on splendid Titles to descant,
 A partizan who combats on thy side,
 A Title fitting would not let thee want.
 Old George, he swore, might without title shine,
 But, *most superfluous Highness*, should be thine.

1870
The first of the year
A fine day for the
The first of the year
A fine day for the

The first of the year
A fine day for the
The first of the year
A fine day for the

The first of the year
A fine day for the
The first of the year
A fine day for the

The first of the year
A fine day for the
The first of the year
A fine day for the

Probationary Odes.

ODE I.

TO ALL THE GREAT FOLKS IN A LUMP.

The bumble petition of Jonathan; containing after the manner of other CANDIDATES for honors and offices, many fair promises, which peradventure may never be fulfilled.

Confedère duces, et vulgi stante coronâ
Surgit ad hos JONATHAN. OVID.

SO please your Worships, Honors, Lordships, Graces!
I JONATHAN, to *Peter Pindar* cousin,
Hearing that you possess a mint of places
Have come to ask for less than half a dozen.

I ask *not* that to serve me you should quit
Your lofty stations or turn out your friends :
No—I've more conscience! and at once admit
Your duty's to consult on *means* and *ends* *.

* The practice of both branches of the Legislature, to refer every subject to the head of a department, before they act on it themselves, seems here referred to. But it is not impossible that Jonathan considers the *ends* of some great folks in getting into office, to have been the more effectually to secure the *means* of further advantages.

Those *ends* once answer'd—and the *means* obtain'd;
 To JONATHAN'S petition lend an ear;
 Nor think his young ambition overstrain'd,
Head of Department, should his claim appear.

Heads of Departments, we have seen, can jump;
 At once into the mysteries of their art:
 Not Richmond's Duke* excels great K * x the plump;
 Not Law† to H * * * n could teach his part.

I ask *not dollars*; though in truth a few
 Would jingle sweetly in a poet's purse:
 And since *t' encourage arts* § belongs to you,
 A *pension* would not make the thing the worse.

* Formerly master general of the ordinance, and famous for his fortifications for the defence of England against invasions.

† Author of the South Sea and Mississippi schemes in England and France.

‡ I am somewhat inclined to doubt whether the sense of this line was not mistaken by Mr. *Freneau*; the word *could*, I suspect, should have been written *can*. I grant that if the allusion be simply to the famous Mr. LAW, *could* would be the proper word. But surely those who recollect the scrutiny made into the conduct of the late Secretary of the Treasury, will be persuaded that we ought to read,

“Not Law to H * * * n *can* teach his part.” C. C.

§ It is contended by the Secretary of the Treasury, in his report on manufactures, that whilst the “general welfare” is the object, the public money may be applied, and of course the people taxed to raise it, for every possible object, which in the discretion of Congress may be deemed conducive to the end.

I ask not such a patronage as brings
 To brother heads an influence far and wide;
Commissions, loans, douceurs, jobs, pretty things;
Bank votes, directorships and offices beside.

Let others, *patrons*—ME, your *client* be:
 I have abundant zeal, and long to shew it;
 To celebrate your praises make me free
 And dub me here, at once, your LAUREAT POET.

I'll puff you to the clouds! and, by the pigs,
 Whilst there its brightest arch the Rainbow spreads,
 Comets shall lend their tails to make you wigs,
 And powder'd sun-beams glitter on your heads.

I'll swear to all the world—you never dip'd
 In *Speculators'* kennel your *pure* hands;
 That not a soul of you e'er dealt in script:
 To prove my words your *broker* ready stands.

I'll say—that Bank-directors* though you are,
 No private interest ever sways your vote:
 That you are chosen, *just to see all fair,*
 And, who shall win or lose, care not a groat.

* It is the prevailing opinion in Philadelphia, that the office of Bank-director, turned to the best account, is worth 5000l. per annum.

I'll swear—the *nation's debt* 's a *blessing vast**
Which far and wide its genial influence sheds,
From whence *Pañolian showers* descend so fast
On theirs—*id est*—the Speculators' heads.

That to encrease this blessing and entail†
To future times its influence benign,
New loans from *foreign nations* cannot fail,
Whilst *standing armies* clinch the *grand design*;

That *taxes* are *no burthens*—to the *Rich*;
That—they alone to labour *drive* the *Poor*;
The lazy rogues would neither plough, nor ditch
Unless to *keep the Sheriff* from the door.

I'll swear—your honors are not like the *Boy*,
Who kill'd his *goose* which *golden eggs* did lay;
Your goose you've no intention to destroy;
Content to *squeeze out* half a dozen a day.

I'll swear—in *treaties* you ne'er had a thought
To give up *gratis* all right of *pre-emption*:
Or that you had an *agent on the spot*,
To *purchase for yourselves*, I will not mention.

* In the report of the Secretary of the Treasury upon manufactures, as well as in that upon the subject of the Public Debt, he contends, it is a happy thing for the country that they are indebted, since it adds so much to the National Wealth.

† The irredeemable quality of the Debt.

I'll say—that you're well read, and *well expound*,
 Much better than Vattel! the Law of Nations:
 That no new-fangled doctrines have you found
 To *fritter* STATES away to *Corporations**.

I'll swear—they owe their Charters to *your grant*,
 And if beyond their proper bounds you catch'em,
 The means to bring them back you will not want,
 But instant, with a *quo-warranto* match'em.

These things and many more—you'll not disown;
 Prove I can *flatter* in a *proper way*;
 Suppose me now a *speculator* grown,
 Hear what to little ATLAS I could say.

* Said to be insisted on in the arguments of Mr. Chief Justice Jay and Judge Wilson in their decision, making States amenable to the judgments of a federal court.

ODE II.

TO ATLAS.

*Jonathan, turned Speculator, in behalf of the whole corps addresses
their GREAT benefactor and PATRON.*

=

Ingreditur solo, et caput inter nubila condit. VIRG.

———— Nunquam dimoveas! HOR.

=

WHILST you, *Great ATLAS!* prop the State,
Nor totter underneath a weight,
That would a giant crush;
Let *Pigmy-weights*, in Congress-hall,
Set *sparrow-traps* to work your fall,
Regard them not a rush!

A *Lion* should a *Spaniel* bay,
The *King* of *beasts* would keep his way
Nor heed the babbler's throat;
Then *deign* not, *ATLAS*, to look down
Or *punish* with a *single frown*
The angry snarler's note.

Whilst on your *paper throne* you sit
With *solid gold* beneath your feet
Fear not a Regicide!

Your *faithful Janizaries* all
 Shall muster thick in Congress-hall
 To guard their *Leader's* side.

Go on, Great CHIEF, to make us all,
 Nor from your *shoulders* cast the ball,
 Lest we, like worms, should drop,
 Who on a *golden pippin* prey,
 Till haply on some stormy day
 'Tis shaken from the top.

ODE III.

TO A SELECT BODY OF GREAT MEN.

Jonathan approacheth the Holy of Holies:—is frightened out of his senses, and knocked down;—endeavours to deprecate the wrath of offended dignity.

=

—“*Horrissono fridentes cardine sacræ
 Panduntur portæ.*”

=

MY *Lords!* your *Poet-laureat*, humbly knocks;
 And begs permission to approach your door;
 Nay! good my *Lords!* don't set me in the stocks!
 I vow to God, that I'll do so no more.

Good Mister Sargeant! spare me this one time!
 Lord, Sir! you need not thus have knock'd me down!
 Wretch that I am!—I'll freely own my crime
 Deserves I should be whipp'd through all the town.

I never said, in secret you debate,
 Like *Turkish Divan*, or *Venetian Peers*;
 Hatching infernal plots against the State—
 Nay! good my Lords! I pray you spare my ears!

I never said, whilst *here in state* you sit,
 Like Satan's* Council, you're ten times as big,
 Swoln by the magic of your self-conceit,
 As folks that walk about without a wig.

I never said that you were bound to do
 Aught else, but what your Lordships freely chose;
 That STATES have any right to question you,
 Or thrust in your concerns a busy nose.

I never question'd your undoubted right
 To give what titles, and to whom you please;
 You shall be DUKES and PRINCES! by this light,
 I'll lie as quiet as a mouse in Cheese.

* ————— But far within
 And in their own dimensions *like themselves*
 The great Seraphic Lords, and Cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat. MILTON.

—See the passage at length, Par. Lost, b. I. l. 777, &c.

I ne'er asserted that you *ru'd the Bank*;
 Or said it had an influence *over you* :
 You *all* shall be *Directors*; first in *rank*;
 And if you please, *Kings, Lords, and Commons*, too,

Gad so! my gracious *Lords*, I've found at last
 That I've been guilty of an indecorum :
 In thus addressing you, I've been too fast,
 I should have first address'd *his worship Quorum*.

GREAT SIR! but troth, this measure will not hit
 The *solemn stile* which I to HIM must use ;
 So, if you please, I'll stop a tiny bit,
 And hold a conference with Madam *Muse*.

ODE IV.

TO A WOULD-BE GREAT MAN.

*Jonathan defendeth the great DEFENDER;—magnifieth and
 exalteth his Works, and confesseth his own littleness of Understanding.*

==
 "Certat tergemini tollere honoribus." HOR.
 ==

DADDY Vice, Daddy Vice,
 One may see in a trice,
 The drift of your fine publication :

As sure as a Gun,
The thing was just done
To secure you—a *pretty* HIGH station.

Defences you call
To knock down our wall,
And batter the STATES to the ground, Sir,
So thick were your shot,
And so hell-fire hot,
They've scarce a whole bone to be found, Sir.

When you tell us of *Kings*,
And such pretty things,
Good mercy! how brilliant your page is!
So bright in each line,
I vow now you'll shine
Like—a Glow-worm, to all future ages.

When you handle your *balance*,
So vast are your talents,
Like Atlas your wonderful strength is,
You know ev'ry state
To a barley-corn's weight,
For your Steel-yard the Continent's length is.

On *Davila's* page
Your discourses so sage,
Democratical numskulls bepuzzle,

With arguments tough,
 As whit-leather or buff,
 The *Republican BULL DOGS* to muzzle.

'Tis labour in vain
 Your senses to strain
 Our brains any longer to muddle;
 Like *Colossus*, you stride
 O'er our noddles so wide,
 We look-up like *frogs in a puddle*.

ODE V.

TO A TRULY GREAT MAN

“Justum et tenacem propositi virum.” HOR.

GEORGE—on thy Virtues often have I dwelt,
 And still the theme is grateful to mine ear:
 Thy Gold let Chemists ten times over melt,
 From dross and base alloy they'll find it clear.

Yet thou'rt a Man—although perhaps the first;
 But man, at best, is but a being frail;
 And since with error human Nature's curst,
 I marvel not that thou should'st *sometimes* fail.

That thou hast *long*, and *nobly* serv'd the State,
 The Nation *owns*, and *freely* gives thee thanks :
 But, Sir ! whatever Speculators prate,
 She gave thee not the pow'r t' establish *Banks*.

No doubt, thou thought'st it was a phoenix nest,
 Which Congress were so busy to build up,
 But there a CROCODILE had fix'd his rest,
 And snap'd the Nation's bowels at a sup.

The *greedy monster* is not yet half cloy'd,
 Nor will he, whilst a leg or arm remains ;
 These parts the last of all should be destroy'd ;
 The next delicious morsel is *her brains* *.

I trust thou 'st seen the monster by this time,
 And hast prepar'd thy knife to cut his throat ;
 His scales are so damn'd hard, that in thy prime,
 'Twould take thee *twenty years* † to make it out.

God grant thee life to do it ! Fare thee well !
 Another time examine well the nest,
 Though of Arabia's spices it should smell,
 It may produce some foul, infernal pest.

* This prediction begins already to be in train to be fully accomplished. The American character for industry and sobriety begins to be lost in the rage of *speculation*.

† The period for which the National Bank was established. The sums borrowed of it by the government are so many pledges of *perpetuity* to it.

ODE VI.

TO MIDAS.

*Jonathan entreateth Midas not to starve the Nation:—proposeth a
project for paying off the National Debt through the instrumen-
tality of the S * * * * y of the T * * * y.*

==
Sux fortunæ faber.

==
O GREEDY Midas! I've long since been told,
Whate'er you touch'd is instant turn'd to gold;
Thine *alchymistic* fingers, prithee, stop,
Or thou'lt not leave us all a single sop.

Those fingers from thy birth have been employ'd
With such well tim'd precipitation,
That had the *sacred college** tried,
Thoud'lt beat them all at *transubstantiation*.

Briareus had an hundred hands, but thou hast more,
Grasping at once this spacious Globe around:
One hand embraces the *Chinese* shore,
Beyond *Ohio's* banks another's found.

* The Vatican; consisting of the Pope and his Cardinals.

*Mountains and Rivers, Rocks and Sugar-trees,
Nankeens and China, Green and Bohea Teas,
Are instant turn'd to gold whene'er you please.
O spare untouch'd our Cod-fish, Rice and Bacon,
Or else the Continent must be forsaken.*

*Midas, much service might'st thou do the State,
Thy talents wert thou willing to exert;
Relieve the people from a grievous weight,
And give reward where there has been desert.*

*My project may appear a little bold;
But sure I am, 'twill pay off honest claims:
Touch H * * * N, and K * x, and F * * R A * s,
And turn the Speculators all to Gold;
Let Congress send them straightway to the Mint,
They'll pay our debts—or else the Devil's in 't.*

ODE VII.

TO THE WELL-BORN.

*Under the type of the Heathen Gods Jonathan rehearseth the virtues
of Aristocracy.*

Parce, precor, stimulus. OVID.

SONS of OLYMPUS, all! I kiss your hands,
A Stately company, as I'm a finner!
My little *Godlings*! what are your commands?
I hope you do not mean to stay to Dinner.

We've no *Ambrosia* here—plain beef and mutton;
Your *Godships*' stomachs will most surely turn;
Nor for our Whiskey would you give a button;
Such *home-brew'd* nectar you will spurn.

We have no GANYMEDES—no wanton VENUS,
Nor ugly cuckold VULCAN, for a buff;
No pimping MERCURY to go between us,
Or pick our pockets, or our purses cut.

We have no JUPITER, with lust unbounded,
Our fair ALCMENAS to seduce,
No drunken BACCHUS with his tuns surrounded;
No MARS, God wot! can we produce.

We have no PROTEUS* changing every hour,
 As with his whim or interest stands,
 No greedy SATURN to devour
 His children in the Midwife's hands.

We for your play-mates have no little CUPID
 To shoot at people when they're off their guard:
 We mortals, truly, are so stupid
 To think such treatment were a little hard.

Such fit companions you'll not find I swear:
 Then why the Devil should you tarry here??

Each Embryo ROMULUS and ALEXANDER,
 So eager now to fill Fame's hundred Trumpets,
 Would deem it neither crime nor slander
 To prove their virtuous mothers strumpets;
 If bastards they will be reputed
 Of Gods that had their Dads cornuted.

Ye would-be PHAETONS, now so intent
 To mount, and set us in a blaze,

Or drive us to the Devil and all;
 Trust me, you'd better be content,

For, ere you've try'd it many days,

By G— you'll get a fall.

* Jonathan is certainly mistaken—we have a number of them.

ODE VIII.

TO MINOS.

=

Jura Silentibus
Reddit. OVID.

=

STERN Judge of Shades ! revisit'st thou this Earth
To try us all, ere we have cross'd the Styx?
Not only punishing our childish tricks*,
But damning us, by wholesale, from our birth !

As *moral bodies*, STATES, no doubt, have *Souls*,
Which brings them all within *thy* Jurisdiction ;
And since no earthly Judge thy voice controuls,
They must be damn'd, *without a legal fiction*.

Thine *Eminent Domain*†, what *State* opposes,
Or dares remember it was *Sovereign* once !
Since to the Grindstone thou hast brought their noses,
Thoul't leave among them not a single scone.

* The hasty measures adopted by some of the States at the commencement of the late Revolution, which cooler politicians have since condemned.

† It has been asserted by the most grave and learned authority of Judge Minos, that by the right of *Eminent Domain*, the United States, even before the adoption of the present Constitution, might by their treaties annul the acts of the States, although at that time unquestionably Sovereign.

Their *little corporations* all shall melt
 In the *hot crucible* that holds thy brains,
 Till not a single particle remains
 Of all the *fancied* Sovereignty they've felt :
 A voice shall then be heard in Congress-hall
 STATES are no more—and WE are ALL in ALL !!!

ODE IX.

TO LIBERTY.

Jonathan addresseth his Cast-off-Mistress—pretendeth to have forgotten her name—Revileth her groveling taste, furious temper and contempt of her betters—Commandeth her not to disturb the peace, and driveth her beyond the Atlantic: but at parting seemeth half willing to be reconciled to her again.

In vitium LIBERTAS excidit—HOR.

Et Tuba terribilem Sonnitum Tarratantara
 dixit—VIRG.

O THOU! whatever be thy *doubtful* name*,
 Once dear to us, and still to GALLIA dear,
 Whose boist'rous accents, fill the trump of Fame,
 Accents which we have grown too deaf to hear:

* That which in a Democracy, is called Liberty, in Governments of a different nature, obtains the epithets of *Licentiousness, Anarchy, &c.* hence probably arises Jonathan's embarrassment by what name to call his *quendam Mistress*.

Who didst, *erewhile*, in Congress-Hall preside,
 Each vote dictating to prevent mistakes,
 Though *now* thine image there be thrown aside*,
 Doom'd to oblivion in a filthy jakes:

Who didst in many a well-fought battle wave
 Thy blood-stain'd banners o'er our fainting heads,
 And from the Jaws of Death and ruin save
 Full many a wight, that now thy presence dreads:

Who, when the din of War no more was heard,
 Didst to the humble Cottage straight retire,
 And to imperial Palaces prefer'd
Bare Independence round a rural fire:

Who, when thou 'rt woo'd, art as a virgin mild,
 Thine Angel-visage all bedeck'd with smiles;
 But when oppos'd, like an Hyæna wild
 Thy savage fangs!—whose rage no art beguiles:

Who dost like Death on all conditions look,
 Nor spar'st a STUART's, or a CAPET's head;
 Nor fear'st this Earth must some convulsion brook
 For *them*; as if TOM THUMB the GREAT were dead;

* The removal of the bust of Liberty from the Federal Hall to the Watercloset, where the members when hard-pressed retire, is a fact well known in Philadelphia, though perhaps not generally known elsewhere. Trifles, says Dr. Franklin, are like straws—they sometimes serve to shew which way the wind blows.

Who at one stroke, half thousands beggars made,
Of those who Fortune's minions were before*,
And left them, without wealth, or worth, or trade,
To starve—as they had *millions starv'd before*:

Who car'st no more for *Coronets, or Crowns,*
Or any *modern would-be Lordling* Cit,
Alike contemning both their smiles and frowns,
Than if our *Daddy-Vice* had never writ;—

Avaunt!—Nor let thy Clarion grate our Ears
With sounds, terrific as the final Trump!
Sounds which once turn'd our pruning hooks to spears,
And from their Scabbards caus'd our Swords to jump:

Sounds! that should *Congress* listen, might appal
The stoutest Champion *there* for right Divine†;
Recal *thine image* back to Federal-Hall,
And to thy temple turn Corruption's shrine:

Sounds! that might even tempt them to reward
The care-worn Soldier's scars and wounds and woes,
Though S * H and A * s should think the measure hard,
And *speculators* turn from friends to foes:

* The Aristocrats of France.

† The doctrine of jure divino right, though exploded for a century, seems likely to be revived in our days, if the views and wishes of certain friends to monarchy among us should prevail.

Sounds ! that perchance might e'en the Senate wake
 From dreams of *rank* and *titles*, *power* and *wealth* ;
 Or *Bank-Directors'* gilded slumbers break,
 And bring the *Constitution* back to health ;

Sounds ! that perchance might to the States recal
 Some faint remembrance of *lost Sovereign rights* * ;
 Those *rights*, which mighty *ATLAS*† doom'd to fall,
 And which stern *Minos* banish'd from their fights :

Sounds ! that might peradventure drive away
 The *faithful Britons* from our *Western-posts* ;
 Those *Centinels*, who guard us night and day,
 Our *scalps* defending from the *Indian hosts* :

Sounds ! that perchance might prompt a *silent wish*,
 To aid *their* struggles, who once aided *ours* ;
 Nor, whilst *thy* cause is fighting, mute as fish
 Behold th' ambition of combining powers :

* Several of the States proposed amendments on the subject of the *judicial* department of the government of the United States, which have been entirely disregarded hitherto by Congress.—Since this Ode was first published Congress have, however reluctantly, recommended an amendment in this respect.

† See Ode II. Whether *Atlas* penned the draught of the present Constitution or not, it is well known to have been his policy to annihilate the States, and in lieu of a Federal Republic, to erect an energetic Monarchy.

TO FRANCE return!!! *There*, shall thy brazen lungs
Yield Music, sweeter than the Syren's voice,
Though louder far than Fame's twice fifty tongues,
And unborn millions at the sound rejoice.

There, wave thy banners!—*there* thy falchion wield!
There, lead to Victory each Gallant Son!
There, let thy slaughter'd foes bestrew the Field!
Nor let *e'en Tyrants*, there, thy vengeance shun!

Nay,—though *Imperial crowns*, and HEADS should fall,
Nor age, nor sex protest thy *fiend-like* Foes*,
Rather than *Thou* should'st quit this earthly ball,
E'en Jonathan shall cry—God speed thy blows!!!

* For shame Jonathan! would'st thou doom to the Guillotine
such Heads as the Empress of all the Russias?

ODE X.

TO THE DEMOCRATICAL SOCIETY OF
PHILADELPHIA*.

*Jonathan reproveth the impertinent views of that Institution—prophe-
sieth concerning a would-be great-man.—By comparison with
the Heavenly bodies, sheweth the respective merits of the GREAT
HEADS.*

Per infidias iter est, formaeque serarum. [OVID.]

SONS of Sedition! say, what do you here,
Where *peace* and *loyalty* unrival'd reign?
Where wealth rewards the *Speculator's* care,
And *rank*, and *place* your grov'ling arts disdain.

Go watch the Sun†!—see his unfading light
Since time begun still unobscur'd remain!
Go watch his beauteous *sister-orb* of night!
Go watch the *planets* which compose his train!

* For the objects of this Institution, see the National Gazette, No. 179.

† David Rittenhouse, Esq. if not the *first*, at least among the first Astronomers which the world has produced since the immortal Newton, was President of the Society.

Go plant your telescopes against each Star
 Whose radiant sphere illumines the vast profound !
 Some blemish amongst *them*, shall easier far,
 Than in our bright *Galaxy here*, be found*.

Not less in *lustre*, as not less in size,
 Than a *dim planet* to the orb of day,
 Lo! next that height, to which he ne'er shall rise,
 Our *Vice* like MERCURY pursues his way.

Scowling malignant on the *Indian* plains,
 Intent to set their wig-wams all on fire,
 See K * x like ruddy MARS his course maintains
 Through *Lions, Scorpions, and Chimeras* dire.

Hugest of planets that adorns our sphere,
 Refulgent in his *triple†, golden zone*,
 See H * * * n like JUPITER appear,
 With *Satellites* around his paper throne.

Whilst on those *minor orbs* his light he sheds,
 That borrow'd light on him shall they reflect:
 Nor whilst he pours down blessings on their heads,
 With incense to repay shall they neglect.

* See certain strictures on this Institution in Mr. Fenno's Gazette.

† Head of the Treasury; ruler of the Bank; commissioner of foreign loans.

Remov'd beyond the reach of vulgar eyes,
 As far as human brains or thoughts aspire,
 The *self-illumin'd* MINOS sweeps the skies,
 Like SATURN, *freezing**, midst his *ring of fire*.

Yon concave vast behold! where *Wolves* and *Bears*†
 And *Geese* and *Foxes*† all together meet;
 Say, if less bright, our *Congress*-hall appears,
 Prepared‡ for George to take his annual seat?

Cease then, ye *elves of darkness*, cease to pry
 Into those secrets you're forbid to know:
 Content yourselves to scrutinize the *Sky*;
 Presume not to enquire *what's done below!*

* The orbit of *Saturn* being at an immense distance from the Sun, it is generally supposed that the temperature of *that planet* is as *cold*, as that of *Mercury* is *hot*. The temperature of *Mars* is supposed to be less *ardent* than his *ruddy look* would indicate.

† The names of several constellations.

‡ It is *then only* to be seen in its full *lustre*; some of the most brilliant constellations being *invisible* at all other periods.

ODE XI.

TO ATLAS;

Being the Second part of Ode II.

*Jonathan recanteth his former errors:—discloseth the secrets of a
great assembly:—again doubteth, and concludeth with an apt simile.*

=

ATLAS! 'tis true that once I said
You *prop the States up*, with your head;
But I was wrong to do 't:
My recantation, then believe,
And trust me, what I now perceive,
You've *trod them under foot*.

'Twas you that in *Convention* first
Pronounc'd the government accurst,
Whilst SOVEREIGN they remain'd:
Then boldly mov'd to knock them down,
And *crush them all beneath a Throne*,
Or, *to it* have them chain'd*.

Sure, 'twas enough to strike them dumb,
To put them under *Sheriff's Thumb*,
Like culprits vile and base:

* This fact has been so often asserted, without being ever contradicted, that there can remain little doubt of its authenticity.

What tho' they are not *hang'd* as yet;
 Still, two to one, perhaps, you'd bet,
 That it will be the case*.

But after all—no doubt, I rate
 Too high *your influence* in the State,
 Nay, I'll be sworne, 'tis so :
 The *town clock* tells us when to dine ;
 The **WEIGHTS** that move *its hands* and **THING**
Play out of sight, below !

ODE XII.

*Jonathan taketh his leave of his Correspondents ; apostrophiseth a
 Great Man without stain, and giveth to real merit, merit's due.*

==
 Majora canamus. VIRG.
 ==

ENOUGH of *Atlas* ! and the venal train
 That round his *paper shrine* attendant meet :
 Enough of *Daddy Vice's* fertile brain,
Tules and *rank* prolific to create ;
Prolific as *Egyptian oven* vast,
 Where *Chickens*, *Ducks* and *Geese* are *hatch'd* so fast !

* *Execution*, says Lord Coke, is the *end* of the Law : it would have been happy for America, had the Convention reflected how this *end* was to be obtained against a State.

Enough of the well-born ! those *Lordling-Cits*,
 Who now presume so high to hold their heads :
 Wretches, whose pride by far outweighs their wits,
 Who, *if they know*, try to forget their dads ;
 Just as rank weeds that on a dung-hill grow,
 Shoot up at once to hide the filth below.

As the Philosopher in search of truth
 With high contempt each base deception spurns ;
 As from the midnight punk the generous youth
 To the chaste object of his passion turns ;
 As from a loath'd disease returning health ;
 Or, as from beggary the joys of wealth ;

As to the blind the new-found blifs of sight ;
 As to the galley-slave fair freedom's hand ;
 As from a dungeon the return of light ;
 As from a shipwreck the long wish'd-for strand ;—
 My soul turns from them all with high disdain
 To find in George *true greatness without stain*.

O WASHINGTON ! for whom my willing lyre
 Unbidden vibrates loudest notes of praise,
 When shall *thy yet unrival'd worth* inspire
 Some *emulation of thy glorious days* !

Still, as a Father to *thy country* dear,
 Regard not those who seek to wound thy peace,

Nor to their impious falsehoods lend an ear,
 Who would persuade Thee *her* regards can cease.
 Still at the helm go on our Bark to steer,
 Nor quit it, *till thou leave thine Equal There.**

* Perhaps it would have been happier for this truly venerable character if he had rather listened to the advice of Horace in the following lines,

“ Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
 “ Peccet ad extremum,”—

than to the advice of those who flattered themselves that he would descend to the grave with glory *unobscured*.

Not to the...
 Who would...
 I am sure...

...I would have been happy for the only reason...

...I am sure...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

Supplementary Ode.

=

Heu, quam difficile est crimen non prodere. Ovis.

=

TUSSIS pro crepitu, no doubt an art is,
Not easy to translate in decent phrase;*
But understood and practis'd by the parties
That would be *uppermost* in modern days.

Thus *moderate men*, who twenty years ago
At Independence frown'd and made wry faces,
Of *Mother Britain's* rights made much ado,
Meant nothing more, than just to *keep their places*.

So when our *Soldiers* perish'd on the decks
Of *prison ships*,—or *died by exaltation*,†
Vile tories, trembling for their forfeit necks,
Loudly exclaim'd against *retaliation*.

* For the original definition of this art, the reader is requested to refer to *Hudibras*, Canto I. line 830, &c.

† For the number of American prisoners privately executed in New York, see the confession one Cunningham, a British deputy commissary, who not long since met with his proper reward in the same way.

So when our *Daddy Vice** bewrought his brain
To tell us all of Lords, and Dukes, and Kings,
No doubt his *Worship* counted all the gain
Which from *pre-eminence* and *title* springs.

So when our *triple-headed* Publius bark'd,
Like *Cerberus*, at unbelieving Anty,†
Each *profelyte-monger* for himself had mark'd
Of *federal loaf* and *fish* no portion scanty.

Thus A * s and S * n ‡ so eager to repair
The tatter'd remnant of our public credit,
To *patch the garment better*, thought it fair
On their own meagre carcases to *spread* it.

Thus *Atlas* to support his paper throne,
And give its faithful guards *another sop*,
To *pay off France*, propos'd a *further loan*,
Gaps of INSTRUMENTALITY to stop.

* If there be any office under the federal government perfectly superfluous, it is surely that of Vice-president, except in the event of the President's death or removal from office. At all other times the office may strictly be said to confer *otium cum dignitate*. The Senate might certainly have been entrusted with the choice of their own Speaker, from among their own body.

† There is an illiberality in *some* of the letters of *Publius* that disgraces the admirable talents displayed throughout that work.

‡ The *whole* credit of this beautiful piece of *patch-work* is not *exclusively* due to these gentlemen. *Locus est pluribus umbris.*

Thus *Antigallicans* and *British-mongrels* *

Who at republican successes sweat,
Buzzing like swarms of flies from fifty dunghills,
Have Neutrals *turn'd to vilify* Genet : †

As Witches, *hating people*, to torment 'em
Stick pins in images that *represent* 'em.

And now, good folks, a dozen odes I've writ
(More by one half than e'er I thought to write)
And if I have not always shewn my *wit*,
No doubt you'll say that I have shewn my *spite* :

Foe to all party but the public weal,
All secondary motives I disdain ;
For ne'er shall *worth* my smarting satire feel,
Nor *vice* a plaudit from my hand obtain.

* Those who having *professedly* become citizens of the United States, retain their former devotion to the *British*, and antipathy to republican governments. Of these the poet says, *Cælum, non animum, mutant*.

† As Jonathan is neither acquainted with the full measure of the crimes imputed to the French Ambassador, nor heard any thing either in vindication or denial of the charges against him by Mess. *Wilcox* and *Co.* he waits to be better informed than he is at present, before he presumes to *join* the fraternity above described in *buzzing about his nose*.

Farewell ! perhaps when next our Congress meets,
 Amongst them I may take a *little peep* ;
 Not to disturb *their worships* in their seats,
 But just to see *who wakes*, and *who's asleep*.

7
THE

Probationary Odes

OF

JONATHAN PINDAR, Esq.

A

COUSIN OF PETER'S,

AND

LATE POET LAUREAT ELECT TO THE C. U. S.

=

PART SECOND.

=

WITH

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

By CHRISTOPHER CLEARLIGHT, Esq.

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar. HOR.

THE
JONATHAN S. WILSON, JR.
OF THE
FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY
THREE
NOTES
THE
FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY
THREE

49
THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

=

GENTLE READER,

THE manner in which the *second* part of the Odes of JONATHAN PINDAR, *Esq.* came to my hands, will be unfolded to thee in the following Letter from a neighbouring Innkeeper.—As upon an attentive perusal they appear to me to contain much matter worthy of illustration, I have subjoined some notes, here and there, for thy edification. The unfortunate catastrophe of the author, with some other circumstances which that letter mentions, will account to thee for the delay in publishing this second part, which otherwise might have seemed unaccountable.

Thy friend,

C. C.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOLUME THE SECOND
PUBLISHED BY J. B. BENTLEY
1822

51

To C—— C——, Esq.

SIR,

YOU must know I keep a public house on the road, a few miles from the Falls of the Delaware, and some months ago there came to my house a shabby looking man about forty years of age, dressed in a threadbare coat that had once been black, and a shirt that seemed as if it had been dipped in the same dye with his coat. It was a cold rainy evening, and though "touch pot touch penny" is the rule of my house, I could not find it in my heart to refuse to let him pass the night in a chair by the fire, though I could not think of letting such a poor dirty creature have a bed in my house without paying for it. He said he came from the mountains, and mentioned that his residence was at a place called *Parnass*, which I don't remember ever to have heard of before. He did not seem fond of telling his name—and when I asked him if I should get him any thing to drink, replied that he never drank any thing but *Hypocrene* water, which I suppose may be some mineral water which I had never heard of. As he looked very meagre I asked him if he chose supper—He shook his head and said he was not much accustomed to it; that he lived upon very light food, and preferred a dish of conversation with some *Ladies*, that he

pretended to be acquainted with, to any repast in the world. He talked much of one *Philip Freneau* with whom he had some particular business; but that he heard he had absconded from Philadelphia and knew not what had become of him; that he was then going in quest of him. He went off very early in the morning, and as I heard afterwards was drowned in crossing a ford of the Delaware, not having money enough to pay his ferriage. I found the next morning a bundle of papers lying on the floor of the room he passed the night in. They appeared to be the backs of old letters, directed to JONATHAN PINDAR, Esq. scribbled full of something which neither myself, nor my neighbour *Scoreup* have been able to make out. So I thought I would send them to you; mayhap you may make something out of them, and if you can, all the return I expect is that you will pay for his night's accommodation, the value of which I leave to your generosity, and am your humble servant,

TIMOTHY TOUCHPENNY.

Y
Y
Fr

53

Probationary Odes.

ODE I.

SALUTATORY ODE.

*Jenathar reneweth his Homage—complains of the Desertion of his
Printer—laboureth to remove Prejudices against him—displayeth
his Knowledge in Natural History, and concludeth with a little
Story.*

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

MY Masters all! your poet's here again,
With heart, and wind and limb, found as a roach;
My humble Ditties if you'll not disdain
Thus, cap in hand, once more I will approach.

That rogue FRENEAU* has left me in the lurch,
Or, I'd been with you early in the Winter;
Bishops could better do without a Church
Than lofty Poets can without a Printer.

Yet I've some little smattering of fear,
Your worships, truly, do not like my name;

* The first part of the Probationary Odes was printed in
Freneau's Gazette, June 1793.

I'm no *King-killer*, Sirs, I vow and swear,
Tho' *Cousin Peter* may be, to his shame.

My Lilliputian arrows scarce could fly
So high, as to assault a Monarch's heel :
And sure I am, you 'll every man deny,
That e're a shaft of mine has made *you* feel.

At *Quimbus-Hestrin**-*Atlas* should I shoot,
Unless I had him stretch'd upon the ground,
My blunted arrows from his royal Boot,
As from enchanted armour would rebound :

Or, could my love so far be turn'd to hate,
As to attack our *Daddy-Vice*, so big,
His Brain my shafts could never penetrate,
Lost in the bushy bulwark of his Wig† :

The Bird of Wisdom, thus, in Ivy-bush,
Securely doth defy the Fowler's Lead,
Nor heeds its rattling terrors, all a rush,
Which ne'er can reach that Citadel his head.

* The Lilliputian's name for *Gulliver*: The epithet of *man-mountain*, as applied to our modern *Atlas*, must be confessed to be peculiarly happy.

† Whether the venerable figure here alluded to is so well convinced of the strength of his *pericranium* as to dispense with that bulwark at present, or whether he is at length so far convinced of the absurdity of singularity, as to relinquish that favorite ornament, it is certain that he has lately laid aside his wig.

Should I touch *Midas*, he might touch in turn,
 Then *Jonathan*, at once, were stiff in Gold!
 Such aukward trappings I should wish to spurn;
 As PUTNAM, when he lost his dog of old*.

Sagacious dog† of democratic breed;
 As Argus† faithful, and as Argus bold!
 Who ne'er deserted in the hour of need,
 But fled in terror from a coat of gold.

Or should I look at *Minos*, Judge of Shades!
 His awful brow contracted to a frown,
 The very thought of which my soul pervades,
 Might, like the *Gorgon*, turn me into stone.

That huge *purse-bellied-crocodile*‡, whose weam
 Affords its nurslings such a charming shelter,
 Whither, if they but hear a Raven scream,
 They run, like little 'possums, helter-skelter;

* In the war which preceded the revolutionary war, General Putnam was an officer in the army. He was presented with a suit of *laced regimentals* by the General Assembly of the Province, and having dressed himself in them, on some Gala day, a favorite dog of his was so much affrighted at his metamorphosis, that he clapped his tail between his legs, and ran off yelping, and never after was seen by his master, who protested he would not have given his dog for a dozen suits of laced clothes.

† The name of Ulysses's faithful dog.

‡ See Ode V. Part I. The *Bank* seems to be very aptly compared to that animal. C. C.

With pretty little *Wrens*, that pick his teeth
 Of many a sav'ry morsel between whiles;
 And chirp and flutter all his snout beneath,
 To warn of him of that damn'd Ichneumon * G * s;

Arm'd as he is, with plated Coat of Mail,
 Harder than Elephant's or Rhinoceros' hide,
 'Gainst which the Dart of *Cephalus* would fail,
 Or e'en the *Shafis* of *Phabus* glance aside,

May rest secure, 'till that dread period comes
 When G * s shall rear his fatal Battle-Ax:
 Till then, his *Wrens* may feast upon his Gums,
 Nor for a moment from their meal relax †.

My spear-grass arrows cannot hurt him, then,
 Were I to shoot them down his very throat;
 And even should they hit a little *Wren*,
 He'd turn and peck at me again, no doubt.

* Some writers on natural history mention that the crocodile admits the wren to this kind of familiarity, and that the bird in return gives him warning on the approach of the ichneumon, his natural and only formidable enemy, who attacks him by scratching out his eyes: others say he destroys his eggs.

† Jonathan here seems to allude to advantages which the favourites of the Bank derive from that institution; a circumstance which may well account for the alarm spread by them whenever that *Holy of Holies* is supposed to be in danger of an inquiry. C. C.

Then look not, Sirs, with a suspicious eye
 Upon your Bard when he appears before ye ;
 Suppose that for a moment I should try
 To entertain you with a little Story.

THE MAGPIES—A TALE.

A PAIR of Magpies once a visit made
 To Court, and hopp'd familiarly about,
 From Room to Room ; still running in and out,
 And peeping in each corner, whilst they staid.

One luckless day they found a door a-jar,
 Where, in deep council and profound debate,
 Sat all the feather'd great heads of the State
 T' avert the prospect of approaching War ;

The *Cock* had by the *Lion* been assaulted,
 And ev'ry Savage beast had gather'd round
 To get poor Chanticleer upon the ground,
 Who still upon the house-top crow'd and vaulted.

A Bat* who late had herded with the mice,
 And in his heart the Quadrupeds prefer'd,

* *Papifcus*—alias *Camillus*

Though he profess'd to call himself a *Bird*,
To starve the *Cock* at once gave his advice.

The Magpies caught his words, and out they flew,
Not understanding more than half the matter,
About poor Chanticleer began to chatter,
And swore he would be starv'd outright, *they knew*.

The wond'ring Cock was struck with vast surprise:
A Bird for wisdom fam'd was heard to say,
Nor *Bats* nor *Chatterers** our nation sway,
The feather'd tribe are all the Cock's allies†.

* The *chatterer* is the general name given by naturalists to the whole class of JAY-BIRDS.

† Alas! poor Jonathan! how horridly hast thou been mistaken! The event hath proved that *Bats* and *Chatterers* are of more consequence than the *whole nation* put together. C. C.

ODE II.

TO A REGENERATED BODY*.

Jonathan displayeth his Skill in the Therapeutic Art, and his acquaintance with the Doctors of the Soborne—warneth of contagious diseases, and concludeth with a new Case in Nosology.

==

I'VE heard that some Physicians recommend,
To help a vitiated Constitution,
Some pounds of blood, *per vene sect: sumend†* :
And with a Pig's, or Calf's make restitution.

Nothing is easier than the operation,
Fait par le moyen d'une petite Canulle† ;
The patient's health by this sophistification
Returning, when his veins are syring'd full.

* This Ode appears to have been addressed to the *last*, and not the *present* regenerated Body.—The advise may not be amiss for the latter, since it proved too late for the former ; and perhaps would have been disregarded had it been earlier. C. C.

† In plain English, *bleeding*—Jonathan hath here borrowed a little medical Latinity.

‡ For a more copious account of the manner of performing this operation, the reader is respectfully referred to the first volume of *Tristram Shandy*, page 129, &c.

But if, perchance, the ancient Taint remains,
 Ere while it will corrupt the borrow'd mass,
 Of wholesome blood from Swine's salubrious veins,
 And fresh disease and torment bring to pass.

In *other Bodies*, thus, tho' sometimes drain'd
 Of putrid humours which destroy their health,
 Whilst in exchange much purer blood is gain'd,
 Some subtle poison often lurks by stealth.

Full sure I am, that *no* such Taint remains,
 To poison *your regenerate* Corporation :
 Some wholesome blood of Swine now fills its veins,
 Avoid ! I pray you, Sirs, Inoculation !

Some Operators of such skill you 'l meet,
 They will inoculate you without pain,
 Your senses like a cozening Harlot cheat,
 And whilst they fondle fix an odious Stain.

The very smell of some Diseases taints :
 Small-pox, *Assumption*, *Bank-script*, *Foreign Loans*,
 And *Yellow-fever* might infect e'en Saints,
 And like a Leprosy corrode their bones.

Fly all infirmaries where these ills prevail ;
Busb-Hill was not so dang'rous in September ;

One yellow-fever with the frost may fail ;

One more contagious rages in December :

A new Disease, which leaves a fouler stain,
Contagion threatens with resistless Rage,
Pollutes the Lips, the Tongue, the Heart, the Brain,
The **ANGLO-MANIA** nam'd by Doctors sage.

A **GALLI-PHOBIA** first the Taint betrays :
The patient trembles if *Ca Ira*'s heard ;
Discrimination bloodless leaves his Face,
Though Friends to Enemies should be prefer'd.

A servile, coward cringing, next succeeds,
Base as a Courtier's, or as Spaniel's whipt :
Henceforth the wretch on **BRITISH** *Ordure* feeds,
To *Guineas* minted, or *wrap'd up in Script* *.

* This truly formidable Disease has made such progress of late, that one may be in as little danger of the *plague* in Grand Cairo, as of this contagion in some parts of the *United States*. C. C.

ODE III.

TO THE SAME.

Jonathan correcteth a general Error.—Propagateth a new Gospel-Salvation.—Warneth of false prophets; and concludeth with a modern Athanasian Creed, for the Benefit of good Believers.

*Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.* HOR.

FAME is a Lyar, and Reports of old,
Were held to be of her vile fabrication:
A dif'rent Story in our days is told:
Reports the Gospel are of our Salvation.

“ Believe ME and be fav'd, saith the REPORTER,
“ Nor seek my sacred myst'ries to unravel.”
The Presbyterian Catechism Shorter
Contains not more young Cloddy-poles to gravel.

Ask ye why Laws, and Constitution too,
In vain prescribe modes of appropriation?
Have Laws or Constitution ought to do,
To change the course of HIS Predestination*!

* It will be remembered that the late Secretary of the Treasury, in his Letter to his agent in Holland, written the very day that he received those instructions which he thought proper to disregard, speaks of his own destination of the money, which he was instructed to borrow for a different purpose.

Say, were not these first *pre-ordain'd* by HIM*
 'Tis fitting then his will should both control,
 And if perchance thro' blunder, or thro' whim,
 They err, *his will* must rectify the whole.

Stick then, I pray you, Sirs, to the *Report*;
 Regard its *Dictates* more than sacred writ;
 To *Law*, or *Constitution* why resort!
 Stretch it, or tear it, if it will not fit.

But when *Reports* from *other* quarters come,
 Such may be deem'd *Apocryphal* no doubt!
 Fail not at once to beat th' Allarum Drum;
 And 'gainst *false Prophets* make a goodly rout.

To pious folks who borrow others' Creeds,
 These articles of faith I recommend,
 Just tell them—as *good Catholics* their *Beads*;
 Nor in Debate your precious time mispend:

"To *Britain* vain is all your opposition;
 "Sooner shall herds of Mice a Lion fright:
 "Your only claim to favor, is *submission*,
 "She'll grant to that, what she denies to right.

* Jonathan is mistaken in supposing the *present Constitution* the fabric of *his* hands. A constitution of *King, Lords, and Commons* was contemplated by our modern *Machiavel*, and it will not be *his* fault if he does not yet succeed in such an establishment, with *himself* at the head of it. C. C.

" Though like a Russian bridegroom she hath tried
 " Her utmost strength upon your corporation
 " Those stripes which decorate your tender hide,
 " Are but *love-tokens*, for your consolation.

" Nay, though like any Hottentotish Priest
 " She hath bep*st you, till you smoke again,
 " Doubt not 'tis *holy water*, at the least,
 " That purifies you from each former stain.

" *Une foi, une loi, un Roi!* be that your text:
 " Let mighty *QUIMBUS* be *all three in one*;
 " With thinking you no more need be perplext,
 " Suffice it that you say—*THEY WILL BE DONE!*"

ODE IV.

TO THE SAME.

Jonathan descanteth on the flight of Birds, and recommendeth to unsledged politicians to follow their example.

WILD Geese on Lake Superior's margin hatch'd,
 Their yellow down exchang'd for jetty fledge,
 To southern climes in quest of food detach'd,
 Are seen to cleave the air in shape of Wedge:

Th' experienc'd Leader, with sonorous clang,
 Their course directs, and distant realms explores;
 His note each Goose repeats with solemn twang,
 Till *all together* reach the destin'd shores.

Mark then, like new fledg'd Geese, your Leader's note,
 Nor doubt they understand the destin'd course,
 Tho' Bank-directors for *amendment's* vote*,
 Or Speculators, justice to enforce.

Shall W * * H run his Ship against a Rock!
 Shall S * * K e'er encounter Daniel Shays†!
 Shall A * s *depreciate his well-earn'd stock!*
 Shall S * H forget the *Bank*, or *means and ways!*

Sooner shall water-spouts be seen on land;
 Sooner the timid Hind a Panther face;
 Sooner shall Misers give with open hands;
 A Courtier sooner shall refuse a place.

Sooner *Pacificus* in *Gallia's* cause
 Shall fight, or pay her by *anticipation*;
 Sooner shall *Atlas* reverence the Laws,
 When they oppose *his own predestination*.

* The amendment for excluding Bank-directors from a seat in either house, seems here alluded to.

† The celebrated rebel and reformer in New England in the year 1787.

ODE V.

TO ECONOMY.

*Jonathan revileth Economy—and by a variety of Examples prove
how prejudicial her advice hath been to the United States*.*

ECONOMY, penurious, griping Dame!
Whose hands like millstones grind us all to dust,
Though once a vot'ry to thy name,
In thee, no more, I put my trust,
Since H * * * and K * x have clearly shewn,
Where thou art found no good can e'er be done.

I knew thee once, a comely, decent Lass,
Careful, and prudent as a Quaker trim,
Then tell me how it comes to pass,
That thou art grown so wond'rous grim?
Like strolling *Dinah* hast thou been betray'd,
And turn'd pickpocket 'cause thou 'rt not a maid?

Thy treacherous advice did sure prevail
When *St. Clair*† was supplied with damag'd powder;

* This Ode appears to have been written in the Spring or Summer of 1794. Jonathan might have produced other examples had he lived to the present period. C. C.

† See General St. Clair's Letter.

Our army had not turn'd its tail,
 Could we have pop'd a little louder :
 But who could hope to make the *Indians* run,
 When all agree *they* never heard a gun !

But for this trifling blunder to atone
 We now behold the gallant General Wayne,
 Amidst the desert left alone,
 Pays tenfold for a peck of grain * ;
 On these cheap terms he holds the very place
 Where *Butler* fell—while hundreds run a race.

But H * * * n your sordid schemes rejects,
 And boldly vent'ring for the Public Weal,
 That all might see those good effects,
 Which few, too few, were doom'd to feel,
 Our half-dead public credit to revive,
 For twenty shillings OFFERS twenty-five †.

* See the account given by General Scott of the prices of grain, &c. in General Wayne's army, Spring 1794.

† The reason assigned for this extraordinary policy was that *foreigners* might be prevented from becoming stock-holders in our funds. The Secretary of the Treasury must have been very shortsighted not to have foreseen, that it must produce the very reverse of that effect. To raise the funds *above par* was the ready way to invite those who wished to invest their property in *secure* funds, to prefer such where their stock would be of most value. And he must have known, that even at twenty-five per cent. advance, the stock-holder in the American funds would get *five* per cent. for his money, instead of *four*, which is the highest rate of interest paid in any part of *Europe*. It ought moreover to be remembered, that at the time of this extraordinary manœuvre public securities might have been bought for *nine* or *ten* shillings in the *pound*, in any part of America.

In the same noble vein of public spirit

He borrows of the Dutch at *five* per cent,

Whilst unto those who crowns inherit

At only *four* their money's lent *.

Besides a pretty, little, snug douceur,

Which adds no trifling matter to the score.

Resolv'd to inforce th' Excise, his fav'rite tax,

He generously pays it all himself,

The Duty in *one* place collects,

And in *another* spends the Pelf †.

Some farmers, thus, keep horses to make grain,

And only reap those horses to maintain.

By his example, or his precepts taught,

Congress, thy fordid policy disdains,

Pays Speculators to a groat,

Nor at new Loans of millions strains;

But public credit to prop up intent,

Expend an Eagle to collect a Cent.

Economy, thy fordid fame is such,

I marvel who thy Dad and Granam were,

* This fact being borrowed from the English newspapers, will no doubt obtain credit with many who might otherwise disbelieve it.

† Reader, thou mayest disbelieve this fact if it seemeth good to thee so to do; but, upon the word of an honest man, I have the best reason to believe it.

Perchance they were half *Scotch*, half *Dutch*,
 A thrifty, squeezing, griping pair;
 Of such as these a wag whom once I knew,
 Just from the life this faithful picture drew.

SCOTCH ECONOMY—A TALE.

A Scotchman who had travel'd half a year
 In the same shirt, still tolerably clean,
 As Sawney thought, but that is not so clear,—
 Crept naked into bed the sheets between.

A wag who saw, and wish'd to know the reason,
 At midnight bawl'd out fire, near Sawney's head.
 Instant he wakes, and somewhat out of season,
 Runs out stark naked, as he went to bed.

"Ho! Sawney," cries the wag, "hast thou no shirt?
 "Or say if this be some new Scottish fashion?"
 Quoth Sawney, gravely, "Ken ye, I hate dirt;
 "And once a year, this saves both soap and washing."

DUTCH ECONOMY—a Tale, was intended to have followed here; but the original was unfortunately illegible, being written on the cover of a letter, the edges of which were rubbed and torn. C. C.

70
ODE VI.

COUSIN JONATHAN TO COUSIN PETER.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur. HOR.]

BARD of the tuneful Lyre, tight *Cousin PETER*!
By just hereditary claim
Heir to the *Theban* Bard's immortal Fame
For lofty metre,
Refuse not to a younger Brother's line
Some portion of thine heritage divine.

Thou over sea-girt Britain's tuneful isle,
Like him, on sounding pinions borne,
Ballest supreme:—Whilst on a rock, forlorn,
I sit the while,
In wonder lost at thy stupendous height,
Nor dare on feeble wing pursue thy flight.

Would'st thou but from thy Zenith deign to stoop,
This infant region to survey,
Which scarcely thrice has seen its natal day,
Thou'dst spy a Group
Of Pictures, worthy of *thine* exhibition
In thy next Lyric Odes Academician*.

* See Peter Pindar's Subjects for the Academicians.

I 'd shew thee young *Ambition*, like an Eagle,
 With stedfast eye the sun surveying,
 His talons stretching, and his plumes essaying;
 On pinions regal
 Mounting, he soars aloft above the stars
 And hurls *Jove's* thunderbolts about our ears.

I 'd shew thee *LIBERTY* hoodwink'd, and standing
 Upon the trap-door of a dungeon,
 And mighty *ATLAS*, with a royal truncheon,
 His slaves commanding
 To drop the platform underneath her feet,
 And * * * † prepar'd his orders to compleat.

I 'd shew thee that same *Atlas* in *Convention*,
 Hammering, like any Tinman for his bread,
 To hammer out a crown for *Cæsar's* head‡;
 With sly intention,
 Cæsar no more, to make the crown his own
 And bury Liberty beneath *his* Throne.

† Where so many strive for pre-eminence, it would have been injurious to name *one* only; and the line would not admit of more.

‡ It is not improbable that when Mark Anthony offered to place a crown on *Cæsar's* head, he expected to have succeeded him in the possession of it. The *ATTEMPT* made in the *CONVENTION* bears a strong resemblance to that incident. That it did not succeed, is perhaps to be attributed only to that immaculate patriotism, which the *Roman Cæsar* never felt, and the *American* never ceased to feel.

I'd shew HIM to thee with a crucible,
 Large as an oilman's jar, and busy grown
 As alch'mist seeking the philos'pher's stone,
 Now found reducible
 From rags and paper cram'd into the pot,
 Yielding à tun of gold upon the spot.

I'd shew our fed'ral Constitution torn
 Like a French Ensign in a naval battle,
 By that same *Atlas* and his venal cattle,
 Laughing to scorn.
 Each cobweb net for conscience it contains,
 Fetters of pen and ink, and parchment chains:

Again I'd shew HIM to thee writing speeches
 For Messieurs S * us, and Co. to speak*,
 Like puppets which their master's nonsense squeak;
 Which surely teaches
 That Representatives, if made of wood,
 Might do less harm—and haply, not less good.

I'd shew HIM to thee like a strolling play'r,
 Slipping, *one part dispatch'd*, behind the scene,
 Still *prompting* those that on the stage remain;
 He'll soon prepare

* Some of the most eloquent speeches delivered in Congress are said to have been prepared by this versatile genius.

Some *other character* to represent,
An *Emperor*, or *King*, or *President**.

I'd shew thee *worth superior* led,
As Dunstan led the Devil, by the nose,
Blinded by spells and charms, (an ample dose
To turn the head

Of that fam'd chief who *Circe's* charms withstood)
Prepar'd by *SPECULATION's* hellish brood.

I'd shew those Imps of Darkness, hov'ring round,
Like Bats; or Vultures o'er a field of blood;
Sucking, like *Vampires*†, their infernal food
From *many a wound*:

Still mangling in the dark their wretched prey;
*They shun the odious light, and treach'rous day.

* Doubt not gentle reader, thou wilt soon see this great
Actor, like a second *Garrick*, appear in some new, and *splendid*
character.

† Vampires, according to an ancient superstition in Europe are
evil beings which haunt church-yards and hospitals, sucking the
blood of the living, and preying upon the carcases of the dead.

ODE VII.

TO DEATH*.

Jonathan adjureth Death to spare certain estimable Characters—Complimenteth Death on his Allies, &c.

THOU damn'd scape-gallows Murderer, whose darts,
Have flown about, of late, as thick as hail,
Or German bullets—come not to these parts,
Unless thou well discern'st whom to assail.

Great is thy pow'r, O Death! great thy Allies:
Kings, Emperors, Czarinas, Dukes, Electors,
Regents, Conspirators, Assassins, Spies
Are thy confederates, and great protectors.

Fear not, old boy! tho' thou should'st break thy scythe,
In mowing down their unbelieving Foes;
Nor spare of those vile Democrats a tythe,
Who Kings, or would-be-Lordlings dare oppose.

Touch not our VICE! spare all his great Compeers,
But two, or three, from A— quite down to Z.
Spare H * * * N to Speculators' prayers,
Nor stuff with meagre K * x thy hungry gizzard.

* Written in September, 1793.

Spare nine in ten, at least, of th' other house;
 No doubt thou knowest whom to decimate!
 Nor yet on mighty SOLON come down souze,
 Whose well-worn mask perchance might tempt his fate;

As Rhadamanthus sage, who makes *orations*
 To wond'ring *pupils*—and to *juries lectures*;
 To *ladies* publishes *law* dedications,
 And o'er poor prostrate Blackstone stoutly hectors:

Who Greek and Latin speaks, from lengthy notes,
 And turns whole mines of learning out before ye,
 Classics, philosophers, and sages quotes;
 Which just brings to my mind a little story*:

ODE VIII.

TO NEUTRALITY.

Jonathan rehearseth the advantages of Neutrality.

NEUTRALITY, thou vile Heteroclite,
 Uncertain in thy gender as thy face is;
 A dastard, squeaking, base hermaphrodite,
 Whom manhood to a monster but debases.

* Hiatus valde deffendus. C. G.

Whom *neither* sex will own, and *both* despise,
 For favors suing *both*, alike in vain,
 To whom the gifts of Nature just suffice,
 To double all *thy* wants, and *their* disdain.

Who, like an eunuch in seraglio bred,
 Art kick'd and cuff'd by those thou caterest for,
 Still doom'd to bow thine abject, servile head,
 To those whom most thine impotence abhor.

Who like a truant-boy with bum well fraught
 With stripes that mark him for no common dunce;
 Or, like a thief, that's in the mainer caught,
 Art rifled, strip'd and whip'd or hang'd at once.

Or like a capon, that's with nettles stung,
 To make him foster chickens not his own,
 Which, nurs'd and shelter'd by him whilst they're young,
 Are sure to peck, and beat him when they're grown.

Thy puny form put off, and dare assume
 Herculean limbs, and nerves, and strength, and might,
 So may the Gods reverse thy hateful doom,
 And thy dim stars reflect a lustre bright.

ODE IX.

TO SPECULATION.

Jonathan celebrates the virtue and blessings of Speculation.

Vulgas me sibilat—at ego mihi plaudo,
Quoties contemplor nummos in arcâ.

BLEST SPECULATION! on whose paper wings,
Some modern worthies rise like school boy's kite,
Soaring above us with supreme delight,
Whilst with the shouts below the welkin rings:
Shouts, such as farmers use to crows and daws,
Contempt and hatred speaking—not applause:

On thy light pinions A * s first 'gan to soar,
Rising, like any sky-lark, out of sight,
With S * n pursued his bold advent'rous flight,
S * * k and W * * n and a dozen more,
Whose names are all enrolled in the Banks,
An honor priz'd above constituents' thanks.

Aided by thee, the *Politician's* fight
Of error purg'd, the *certain track* he spies,
The game pursues with eagle's wings and eyes,
And, *seizing*, quickens his impetuous flight:
Tho' gorg'd, insatiate still! for thus employ'd
Promethean vultures would be sooner cloy'd.

What, though the mutilated Soldiers' wounds
 And carious aching stumps unheal'd remain,
 With not a comfort to assuage his pain,
 Whilst with his groans the troubled air resounds,
 The sordid *Gripus* *, all unfeeling, hears,
 Or with the victim's pension stops his ears!

Let faithless Britain still with hostile arm,
 Infest our commerce, and our lands invade,
 Indians and Algerines suborn her views to aid,
 And hold the nation always in alarm;
 Thy venal train, on quarter-day intent,
 Submission! cry, and peace! and six per cent.!

O may corruption ne'er again obtain
 So vile an agent to promote her cause,
 Trampling on Justice, and her sacred laws,
 And prostituting conscience 'self for gain;
 Union shall flourish then, and strength arise,
 And Justice wave her banners to the skies.

Stop Muse! a little story let me tell
 Which at the present time befitteeth well.

* Let no one him, or him, Sir Gripus call,
 Knight of the shire, he represents you all. *Perr.*

THE DRUNKEN INDIAN.—A TALE.

AN Indian who to *Philadelphia* came,
 The wonders of that wond'rous place to see,
 Was ask'd, two fav'rite wishes might he frame,
 Sure of the grant, what would those wishes be?

"That all our rivers might turn into rum,
 "And all our mountains *sugar-leaves* become,"

Quoth he. The questioner proceeds again,
 "Those wishes granted, what more would you ask,
 "If a third wish you might, likewise, obtain?"
 To answer now was not an easy task.

He silent sits and muses as if dumb;
 At length in transport cries, "*more RUM, more RUM!*"

Thus when our *Conti-rags* were turn'd to gold,
 And *Speculation* saw her gains untold,
 Which from that source and from *Assumption* sprung,
 Awhile her wishes in suspense were hung.

What next shall *ATLAS* do for *Speculation*?
 Let's have a *BANK!* a *BANK!* she cries—to dama
 the Nation.

Another boon now offer'd from his hands ;
 Awhile in deep suspense the *barpy* stands ;
 But hark! she cries out—SELL the WESTERN
 LANDS!

ODE X.

TO PANEGRIC.

*Jonathan revileth Satire—Detecteth her falsities, and disclaiming all
 future connection with her, invokes Panegyric.*

Sunt quibus in Satira videar nimis acer; HÖR.

Mentiri nescio. JUVENAL.

To chafe our spleen when themes like these encrease,
 Shall PANEGRIC reign and CENSURE cease.

SATIRE, avaunt! think not that raven's plume,
 Which erst aloft its croaking mother bore,
 Now dip'd in gall, or asp's envenom'd spume,
 Or the Lernæan Hydra's caustic gore,
 Shall tempt these fingers, doom'd to other toil,
 One page of virgin paper, ere to foil.

Whom would'st thou blacken! Whither turn thine eyes?
 Like *aqua-fortis* tho' thy breath corrode,

* See the last report made to Congress by the late Secretary
 of the Treasury, in which the western lands are proposed to be
 sold at twenty cents per acre.

Pure gold of both, alike, the power defies,
 Like armour temper'd by the *Lemnian* God.
 Vain, then, the hope, that in *this golden Age*,
 One victim shall be found to glut thy rage,

Arm'd Capapee in golden Coats of Mail,
 Lo! S * H and A * s your fierce attacks despise;
 S * * K grows bold—nor thinks of turning tail;
 As if blood-bolster'd Banquo met his eyes.*
 Each Bank Director in defiance stands,
 And Speculators clap their gilded hands.

O Nation blest! whose Senators display,
 With such success their *alchymistic* power!
 Thy† *rags* and *paper*, one day blown away,
 The next descending in a *golden shower*,
 Like *Jove*!—or HIMNAP‡—who in shape of script
 Into his neighbour's Dish his fingers dip; §

* This worthy character is said to have been as much affected by the name of *Shays*, as Macbeth by the appearance of Banquo's Ghost.

† Certainly Jonathan meant to use the word *their*, instead of *thy*: the sense is much more complete. C. C.

‡ Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.

§ This story does not bear so near an analogy to that of Danæ, as may be supposed—since I do not recollect that it is any where said that Danæ had a husband, or if she had, that he was in the secret: the *denouement* is said to be a *state-secret*, and therefore, *not to be divulged*.

But when *Suspicion* prickt her wolf-like Ears,
A *Billet-doux* his reputation clears.

He, like the God, in many a fly disguise
Of *Livery*, *Petticoat*, or Gipsy-hat
Securely hid, from prying, vulgar eyes,
Steals to his assignations, like a cat:
For not Grimalkin, hunting for a mouse,
Makes less disturbance in *Cornuto's* house.

Say, mighty HIMNAP—dost thou give and take?
Secrets, for secret-services impart,
Like *Sampson*, whilst you nightly play the rake,
To each *Dalilah* open all your heart?
Whence each *Cornuto* with returning morn,
Like Ammon rises with a *gilded* born!

At Highgate I 've been told, you take an oath
To kiss the mistress, and neglect the maid!
Unless you better like to kiss them *both*;
HIMNAP at Highgate hath been sworn, 'tis said.
But groping in the dark for pretty *Moll*,
He, like *Ixion*, only grasps—a *doll**.

Such tales you propagate—as false I vow,
As ere were fish'd up out of *Falschood's* well.

* As this story is confined to a few polite tea-tables; it is a proof that *Jonathan* has kept the best company in town. C. C.

Ah! Jonathan! you cry, I've caught you now,
 'Tis there that Madam *Truth* is known to dwell.
 Caitiff, thou liest! hear it to thy face;
Falsehood hath long usurp'd that Lady's place.

SATIRE, too long have we endur'd thy reign:
 Tyrant, the Guillotine demands thy Head!
 Mild PANEGYRIC shall *thy Throne* obtain,
 And rule by coaxing, as thou dost by dread:
 Like *Milton*, she can paint *e'en Devils* fair,
 Whilst thou would'st paint them blacker than they are.

Hail PANEGYRIC! who, of Courts the Pride,
 Dost Tyrants turn to Martyrs after Death;
 Be thou my friend, my Patroness and Guide:
 Dame of the *Syren-voice*! thy potent breath
 Can blow up bubbles into air-balloons,
 And grains of mustard swell to suns and moons;
 Would'st thou but in a glass-house try thy skill,
 We should have bottles, which a tun could fill.

ODE XI.

TO JANUS*.

Jonathan invokes Janus—describes his different Countenances, and supplicateth him to wheel about.

==
 Jani bifrons! Custos pacis!
 ==

GOD of the *double face*! who towards the east,
 Dost, like th' adoring Persian, *humbly bow*;
 But turnest like grim Mars upon the west,
 The vengeful fury of thy *wrathful brow*:

One face, in shape of *Mr. Jay* attends,
 Levees—and dines with ministers of state,
 Courting with smiles those ever faithful friends,
 And gaining in return—a *chair* and *plate*.

The other scowls upon *Columbia's hills*,
 With more than Gorgon terrors in its frown;
 Spreading with pestilential breath those deadly ills,
 Which to be dreaded need but to be known.

O mighty JANUS! turn thyself quite round;
 Turn to the setting sun thy smiling face:
 Thus wrath shall in thine *eastern face* be found,
 And just resentment wipe off our disgrace;

* Written in October 1794.

But if, beyond our hopes, th' insulting foe
Should make atonement, keep thy temple shut.
Curst be the hand that first shall strike a blow,
To burst its portals—and war's rage to glut.

A TRIP TO ST. JAMES'S, 1794.

LEND me thy trumpet Fame ! thy brazen lungs,
Thine hundred mouths, and eke thine hundred tongues !

My liver swells with vehement desire,
To tell such things as scarce will be believ'd ;
Namely, the wonders that have been atchiev'd,

Without the aid of sword or fire,
But in a modest, decent, civil way,
By our *Extraordinary Envoy*, Mr. JAY.

Say Muse, 'midst what acclaims he did set out,

Attended down to Whitehall stairs,

By thousands in their Sunday airs ;

Who when he got on ship-board gave a shout :

The mighty blast fill'd the OHIO's sails,

Then homeward all the shouters turn'd their tails,

And left the ship in charge of Mr. Jay,

To sea-girt Britain's coast to make her way.

Swift as an arrow from an Indian's bow,
 The ship across th' Atlantic shot,
 Swifter than ever ship was known to go,
 And of her destination hit the very spot;
 As proud of such immortal honour
 As our great Envoy laid upon her;
 Then to New-York came straitway back to tell,
 That in *her* charge she had succeeded well.

Now Muse, let us return to Mr. Jay,
 Who safe to London-city found his way;
 With ceremonial due then went to greet
Grenville's new Lord, and *Billy Pitt* likewise,
 Who view'd *the Envoy Ex* with wond'ring eyes,
 Wond'ring what brought his *Ex* to Downing street;
 Then promis'd soon to shew him to the King,
 To whom he might unfold the tidings he did bring.

Meantime Lord *Grenville* asks his *Ex* to dine,
 An honour which his *Ex* could not decline:
 There cheek by jowl with Lords he sits in state,
 With due decorum emptying ev'ry plate;
 Then dinner done, the loyal glasses ring,
 With loyal bumpers crown'd, to *George the King*.

Now mount, O Muse, on Eagle's wings,
 Attend with Mr. Jay the King of Kings.

The day was come, the weather wond'rous fair,
 When with Lord *Grenville* to St. *James's* Court,
 His *Ex* the *Extra-Envoy* did repair,
 Of 's errand and himself to make report.

The Monarch saw—and turning to the Queen,
 “Look, look, there's Jay, there's Jay, there's Jay, I ween,

“From Congress come to make a bow ;

“I wonder if the dog knows how ?

His *Ex* advanc'd and made a bow by rule,
 Which shew'd he had been at a dancing-school ;
 The Monarch then return'd a Monarch's nod,
 Awful, no doubt, as the Olympian God ;
 When thus, in humble tone of supplication,
 Did Mr. Jay begin his smooth oration.

“O Sire ! permit a wight *thy subject* born,

“His *fellow subjects'* suff'rings to impart,

“Nor from their wailings turn thine ear in scorn,

“Like Egypt's king of old, of harden'd heart.

“I not like *Moses* come, with *threats* to fright,

“Or daunt with spells and charms thy royal breast :

“Our *unfledg'd eagle*, all too young for fight,

“Sits, like the peaceful *Halcyon*, in its nest.

“*She*, like the peaceful *Halcyon*, wont to glide,

“ (If true the tale that's told of other times)

" Borne on the azure bosom of the tide,
 " From shore to shore, from clime to distant climes.

" But *mews* and *sea-gulls* now disturb her rest,
 " And *boobies* strike her with their jobbernowls ;
 " Voracious *sharks* assault her peaceful nest,
 " And warlike *sword-fish* pierce it full of holes.

" Thou, who like *Neptune*, dost the trident sway,
 " Alone can'st quell those monsters of the main:
 " O ! let thy clemency shine forth we pray,
 " And *Halcyon days* prolong *thy glorious reign* !"

" Meanwhile a gracious ear the Monarch lent
 To Mr. Jay, and eke his compliment,
 To which he condescended such reply,
 As *Billy Pitt* dictated, by the bye.
 Next to the Queen his *Ex* did make his leg,
 And with the King her intercession beg ;
 To which the Queen return'd two royal dips,
 Though not a word escap'd her royal lips :
 Then to each Prince and Princess low he bow'd,
 As demagogue, when he salutes the croud.
 This done, the Monarch gave a gracious grin,
 And thus familiar question did begin.

" Well ! since your Independence you have got,
 " Are you much happier than before, or not ?

" Good salaries, and sinecures ! hæ, Mr. Jay !

" Or are Republicans too stingy, pray ?

" Does Mr. *Washington*, hæ, wear a crown ?

" No, no, not yet, not yet, you'd knock him down."

Great Sir, cries Mr. Jay, we han't, *as yet*,

A head among us that a *crown* would fit.

" No, no, I guess not, instant cry'd the king,

" *His* head, I'm sure 's not fit for such a *thing* ;

" You're all Republicans, hæ, Mr. Jay,

" All *Sans-Culottes*, no doubt, aye, aye, aye, aye !"

To which his *Extra-En* did make reply,

In tone so sweet the King could but believe:

" Permit me, Siré, your ears to undeceive ;

" That *all* are *Sans-Culottes* I dare deny,

" Nor need I further prove what I advance,

" Since I am here, O *King*, and not in *France*."

The monarch, half convinc'd, exclaim'd " Egad !

" If you were there, you'd chance to lose your head !

" Ha'n't you among you got the Guillotine ?

" Yes, yes, I'm sure you have.—Myself and Queen

" Would soon among you all be lopt off short,

" As wheat in harvest—and as much in sport."

" I'm sure," cries Mr. Jay, in accents sweet,

Confounded by what Majesty had said ;

" Your sacred heads, more precious far than wheat,

" From scythes, or guillotines have naught to dread."

" Gadso ! I doubt it much, upon my life !"

The sputtering Monarch quick replied,

" A lowfy Taylor, (can it be denied !)

" Among you kick'd my son that kifs'd his wife."

" That fact," cries Mr. Jay, " I can't deny."

" No, no, no, that you can't, I, I, I, I !

" The Monarch said, for *Neddy* swore 'twas true,

" And that the *Taylor* beat him black and blue."*

The blushing Queen here turn'd her head aside,

Blushing in part with shame, in part with pride ;

Each bashful Princess hung her lovely head,

And seem'd to sympathize with *Brother Ned*.

Now *Billy Pitt* and *Grenville's* Lord began

To fear the Monarch might betray the Man ;

For Monarchs can sometimes like parrots talk,

As monkeys, on two legs, like Monarchs walk.

So *Grenville* pluck'd the *Envoy* by the sleeve,

And whisper'd it was time to take his leave.

* This kicking and cudgelling is said to have been bestowed upon the young PRINCE in *Vermont*.

ODE XII.

TO ECHO.*

*Jonathan most musically invoceth Echo; inviteth her to the City, and
to the Honours of the sitting in Congress.*

=

He rav'd and rais'd as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas,
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound. HODGE.

=

SWEET Echo! lovely Nymph, that haunt, unseen,
The lonely forest, and the darksome dell,
The dreary cavern and the vaulted cell,
And tottering tower hung with ivy green;
Silent amidst the solitary scene,
Where the lone screech-owl loves to dwell;
Responsive only to her fearful screams,
Or neighbouring steeple's solemn knell,
What time the flitting meteor gleams,
Or strikes the village clock the midnight bell.

O quit thy lonely haunts, and come to town,
Nor dread another Swain's neglect!
Such treatment ne'er again expect,
Since, now, thy modest merit's fully known.

* This ode was printed in the course of the last winter.

The tails of sentences, alone,
 No more shalt thou alliterate;
 As when you wooed *Narcissus* fair,
 Or chid stout *Orsin*, bellowing for his bear;
 But flippant as a modern female grown,
 In Congress shalt thou take thy seat,
 And speeches, there, an hour long repeat.

ODE XIII.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC SOCIETIES.

*Jonathan revileth the Democratic Societies: wilifeth their Divinity—
 and rehearseth her abominable Acts of Savage Cruelty.*

SONS of Sedition, hide your forfeit heads,
 Your whilom Goddess is turn'd Cannibal!*
 Whose impious jaws our peaceful Congress dreads,
 More than old Rome did Hannibal.

E'en W * * * N, though once her own High-Priest,
 Who victims slew upon her altar,
 At length disgusted with the bloody feast,
 Begins to feel his stomach falter.

*"That LIBERTY which poetry has deified as a Goddess, history proves to be a CANNIBAL." Speech of Fisher Ames on the debate for censuring the *Democratic Societies*, Dec. 1794.

Jonat

C
 Lik
 Tha
 Shall

What myriads hath not she of late devour'd,
 Upon the lower Rhine and Upper !
 The Alps and Pyrenees hath she not scour'd,
 And scarcely left enough for supper !

More fatal vengeance scarcely was brought down,
 On wicked Sodom or Gomorrah,
 Egypt's first-born, or Stubborn Necho's Crown ;
 Or, on the Poles, by general *Swarrow*.

This bloody passover seems, after all,
 But just to whet her appetite :
 If, hungry, she should this way chance to call,
 Some folks may well be in a fright !

ODE XIV.

THE DUTCHMAN AND THE SKIPPLE-STONE.

*Jonathan exhorteth to reverence the Examples of our elders—telleth a
 Story, and concludeth with its moral.*

CHILDREN, respect your parents ; what they've done
 Likewise do ye ! nor think to ask the reason :
 That which was folly, when it first begun,
 Shall wisdom seem, in proper time and season.

For, precedents, we know, are held as law,
Can construe, fix, or *change* the *Constitution*;
They are stout cords that hold the mind in awe,
And fetter the attempts of *Revolution*.

In England, *Judges* must on woolpacks sit;
Wear bushy wigs;—sometimes a *scarlet* robe;
This precedent directs, wherefore 'tis fit
That *Judges* wear the same throughout the globe.

At *Venice* ev'ry year the *Doge* doth wed
The gentle *ADRIATIC* for his *Spouse*;
Yet never takes her Highness to his bed,
But wisely keeps another in his house.

In *Spain*, 'tis said, by ancient feudal right,
The *Lord* shall kiss his *vassal's* maiden bride;
The *husband's* rights commence the *second* night,
The first to his embraces is denied.

In *Abyssinia*, beef-stakes are cut
Hot from the buttocks of a living Bull.
John Bull, with horror struck, his eyes would shut
Against such fights!—yet eats his belly-full
Of *lamb-stones*, whilst the victim straddling by,
Blates for the loss of his delicious *fry*.

Yet John's no Cannibal—at most, not more
Than all his ancestors have been before.

Not far from Albany, among the Dutch,
 A *skipple-stone* is us'd to balance weight
 On horseback borne; this balance is just such
 As *Daddy Vice* requires in ev'ry state.

A Dutchman who to Mill went ev'ry week,
 With sack half fill'd with wheat and half with stone,
 Was once advis'd a diff'rent course to seek;
 Double the wheat, and let the stone alone.

The boor with wonder stares—takes off his load,
 Throws out the stone, and fills the sack with grain,
 Divides it equally, and takes the road.
 “Dis meal two weeks mine household shall maintain,”

He cries, exulting—but a sudden thought
 Soon turns him back.—Again he takes the sack,
 And emptying half the wheat as he'd been taught,
 Into its place the *skipple-stone* puts back;
 Thus mutt'ring to himself as he was won't
 “If dis been right, mine Fader would á don't.”

Good folks—the moral 's easy to apply:
 Go, copy *mother Britain* all your days!
 Keep her example ever in your eye,
 Her *follies mimic*, and *chaunt forth her praise*.

ODE XV.

TO MERCURY.

Mercuri facunde! ———
 Te canam, magni Jovis et Deorum
 Nuntium. HOR.

GOD of the winged Heels, and silver Tongue,
 Ambassador and errand boy of Jove,
 Whose honied lips are with persuasion hung,
 Whate'er the theme thine eloquence approve.

Of Courts thou can'st unravel all th' intrigue;
 Each secret spring and mystery describe,
 Unveil a Treaty, penetrate a League,
 Detect a Bargain, or smell out a Bribe.

If jaring interests perchance contend,
 The subtle agent thou, and go-between,
 The breach can'st widen, or contention end,
 Adjust the terms, or give the bribe, unseen.

Patron of thieves and robbers! by thy aid,
 Pirates turn'd honest privateersmen, thrive;
 And thievish refugees, no more afraid,
 Shall now in turn their persecutors drive.

Whate'er on earth, at *present*, be thy name,
 CAMILLUS*, CURTIUS, H * * * N or J * Y,
 O let the TREATY thy protection claim,
 Defend the BRITISH COURT and IT, I pray.

O let thine eloquence unerring prove,
 That much to suffer is but to provoke,
 That hatred 's due to those we ought to love,
 And love to those who have our nappers broke.

That perfidy is faith—to dearest friends;
 That faith is due but to perfidious foes;
 Security begins where safety ends,
 And peace commences with a bloody nose :

That to give up is to obtain redress;
 To *pay* is to *receive* what is our due;
 That cowardice is courage ne'ertheless;
Falsehood the only thing on earth that's *true*.†

* *Camillus* is the signature of the author of the DEFENCE published in New-York. The signature of *Curtius* appears to have been adopted by the *same*, or some other party-writers of the *same* kidney. If these gentlemen are not already members of the *British pension-list*, it seems probable that they are candidates for that honour.

† See the arguments of *Camillus* and *Curtius* throughout.

ELEGY.*

ANOTHER C * * s now is dead,
 Whose fate we all must sigh at ;
 Two years a busy life it led,
 Though now it lies so quiet.

Addresses did it make and mend,†
 And echo back long speeches,
 And oft the Constitution read,
 Nor ever heed the breaches.

Sometimes, like *Captain Bobadill*,‡
 'T would stoutly swear and swagger ;
 And fight too,—with a goose's quill,
 But not with sword or dagger.

Old injuries it did forget,
 And meekly bore with new ones ;

* Written in April, 1795.

† The time taken up the last Congress in fabricating the address to the President, cost the country a sum that would have redeemed many of our fellow citizens from slavery. One or two days debate were spent upon a *single word*, and several upon a *paragraph*.

‡ Who would not have thought to have heard the indignation vomited forth against the *Algerines*, that *THEY at least* would have experienced the effects of our resentments? Even the peaceful mission of Mr. Jay was interpreted to have an object *somewhat different*.

For favours dying much in debt,
False friends prefer'd to true ones.

The public credit to encrease,
It tax'd us without ending;
But lest the Public Debt should cease,
Devis'd new ways of spending.

Freedom of Speech and of the press,
It set about curtailing,
Reserving to itself no less
The liberty of railing.

For *liberty* it dearly lov'd,
As Spaniard doth his spouse, *Sirs*;
And, like him, its affection prov'd,
Confin'd her to the house, *Sirs*.

And yet, 'twould at *her* sometimes rail
With face as red as scarlet,
That you'd suppose she was as frail
As any common harlot.

It had a most uncommon spite
At *Clubs* and *Democrats*, *Sirs*;
As some good folks are in a fright
When they espy a Cat, *Sirs*.

That it hath done a world of good,
 No mortal now denies, Sirs
 (Although too late 'tis understood)
 By opening all our eyes, Sirs.

Grieve not, good folks, it did not live,
 Like *British Kings*, forever;
 For from its ashes shall revive
 Another full as clever.

Whilst S * H and A * s and S * * k hold
 Their heads above the water,
 With *Liberty* they'll make as bold
 As if they'd fairly *bought* her.

Nor shall there lack another field *
 For darling SPECULATION;
 If nothing else a price would yield,
 Such men would sell the nation.

* The projected sale of the Western Lands, at 20 cents per acre—(the price contemplated in the report of the late Secretary of the Treasury) if carried into effect, will afford a Banquet to the *Speculators*, more delicious, than even the establishment of the BANK. Such a waste of national treasure would almost amount to selling the nation itself.

AN

Elegiac Ode.

To the memory of DOCTOR JAMES HUTCHINSON, of Philadelphia, who fell a victim to the Pestilential Fever that raged there, Sept. 1793,—written on hearing of his Death.

SAW ye the flitting meteor's transient gleam?
 Hear'd ye the lapwing's cry, the watch-dog's yell?
 The bird of night's portentous scream?
 That solemn, plaintive, passing bell?
 'Twas HUTCHINSON'S!—yon torpid mass of clay
 From bliss no more its heav'nly guest detains;
 To regions of eternal day,
 He soars, releas'd from earthly chains,
 Angel-choirs there shall greet him;
 Kindred spirits fly to meet him!

The patriot firm, who for his country bled,
 And bless'd her with his last departing breath,
 Shall weave a garland for his head,
 And hail him victor over death;
 The mangled soldier, o'er whose ghastly wound
 He dropt the tender, sympathetic tear,

With eager joy shall gather round,
 Still mindful of his tender care ;
 Songs of gladness shall proclaim
 The welcome stranger's worth and name !

Spirits releas'd from agonizing pain
 Of gout, or gravel, rheumatism, stone,
 Mingling with the joyful train,
 His healing art, and aid shall own :
 'Th' abandon'd prey to *pest' lence* and despair,
 Escap'd from recent scenes of worldly woe,
 Shall wond'ring haste to meet *him there*,
 Whom late they joy'd to meet *below* ;
 Then with him to those mansions soar
 Where pain and sorrow are no more.

Nor envy, malice, nor detraction, there,
 Ten thousand dog-stars' distance dare approach ;
 Confin'd to their own little sphere
 The venom shed in his reproach : *
 But round him all the virtues, hand in hand,
 Smiling benignant on their fav'rite son,

* Some very illiberal reflections on the Doctor, as a member of the Democratic Society in Philadelphia, appeared a short time before his death. Jonathan is indebted to two gentlemen of respectable characters in the revolutionary army, who were *no friends* to the Doctor's politics, for the character here given of him.

Shall on his spirit still attend,
As whilst his earthly course he run,
His footsteps guiding towards the throne
Of *Life, Light, Truth*, th' ETERNAL ONE!

THE END.

